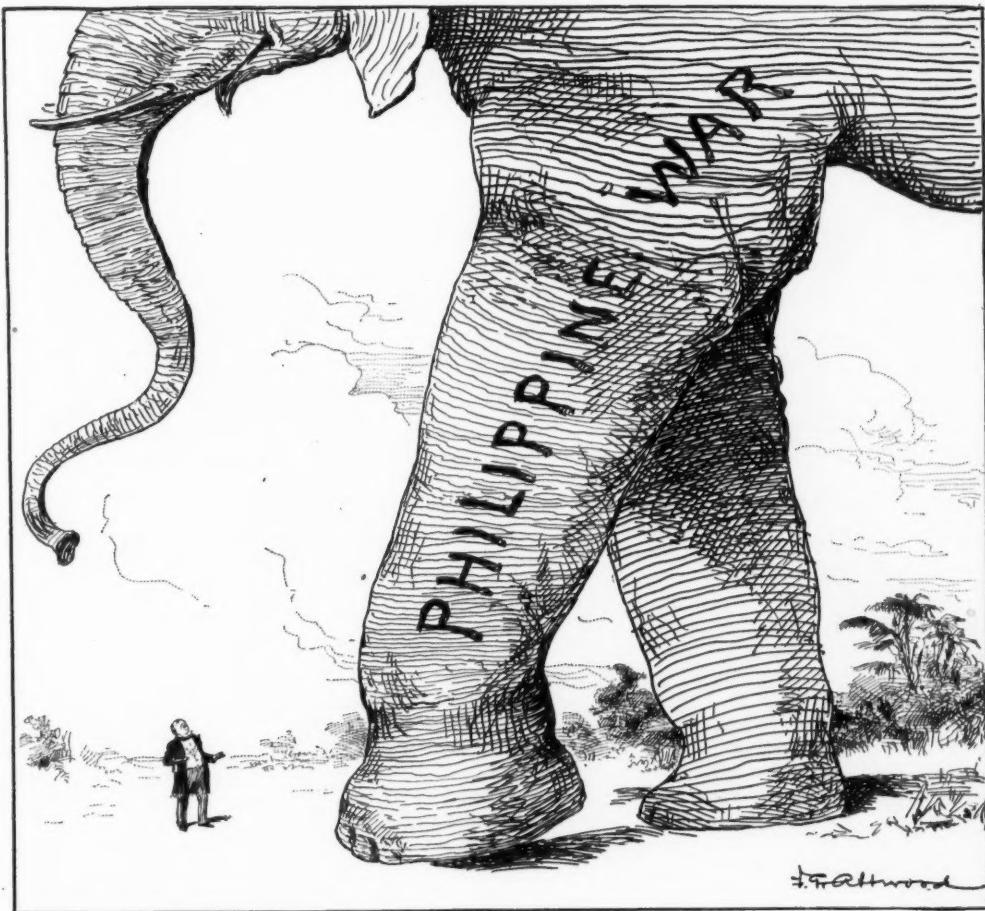


VOLUME XXXIV.

NEW YORK, JULY 27, 1899.

NUMBER 870.

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GROWING ON HIM.

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THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP
XXXII.

WHILE AT CARONEY CASTLE MR. PIPP TRIES HIS HAND AT GOLF.

The Fiction Number

(August issue, ready July 25th)

OF SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S latest love story, "The Lion and the Unicorn" (published complete), is a tale of London and American life with a young playwright, an actress and a beautiful American girl for the chief characters. Illustrated by Howard C. Christy.

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THOMAS NELSON PAGE'S "The Spectre in the Cart," a tale of a Southern lynching. Illustrated by F. C. Yohn.

"**THE TRAIL OF THE SANDHILL STAG,**" by Ernest Seton Thompson, author of "Wild Animals I Have Known." Illustrated by himself.

"**A ROYAL ALLY,**" a humorous story by William Maynadier Browne. Illustrated by A. I. Keller.

"**THE PLAY'S THE THING,**" by A. Vorse, a story of New York Italian life. Illustrated by W. Glackens. Done with striking success. He also contributes the frontispiece in color as an illustration to a poem by E. S. Martin.

"**THE SHIP OF STARS,**" by "Q." continues.

JAPANESE FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS is a bright article by Theodore Wores. Illustrates it from his own paintings.

DANIEL WEBSTER—the second paper Senator Hoar.

THE STEVENSON LETTERS conti-

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TRIALS OF A POET.

The Hostess: YOUNG POETICUS WILL THINK I AM RUDE. HE SAID HE WOULD CALL THIS EVENING, AND I DIDN'T ASK HIM TO DINNER.
The Host: NEVER MIND. HE ALWAYS TALKS BETTER ON AN EMPTY STOMACH.

To a Philippine Volunteer.

"DEAR LEE," she wrote, "I Merriam
 To think you're Hale and Strong,
 And Otis joy too great for words,
 You will be home ere Long.
 "When first you left, Young
 men bEagan
 My love from yours to part,
 But I've been a Victor Blue and
 true
 And Merritt all your heart.
 "To kiss my Dewey lips of red
 Men travel Miles, they say;
 But as you can't Brooke Hobson girls,
 I Schleyly Wheeler-way.

"I fain the Day Wood quickly come
 When you return, dear Lee,
 To friends, and home, and native land,
 And most of all, to—me."

Dixie Wolcott.

TOM: Did your goldfish die a natural death?

WILLIE: Yep; cat ate it.

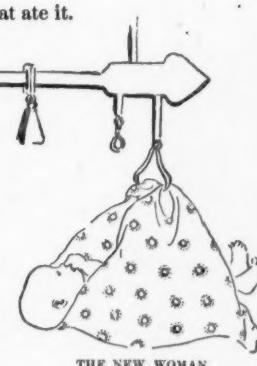
His Status.

ASKINGTON: Poor Gabbleby doesn't appear to have any too much sense, does he?

GRIMSHAW: No, his lack of brains seems almost inexhaustible.

SHE: Yes, she has broken the engagement, and they say he is perfectly heartbroken.

THE STAMMERER: D-don't you wo-worry, Miss Mary. W-worms have died and m-men have eaten them, but not for l-love.



THE NEW WOMAN.

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXXIV. JULY 27, 1899. NO. 870.
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TH E Prohibitionists and persons of extreme views on the rum question are still uneasy about the army canteens, and are nagging the President with intent to get them abolished. The last Congress, as will be remembered, passed a law which gave these persons reason to hope that the canteens would be closed, but the law has been so interpreted that that mischief has been averted. The War Department recently called for the opinion of six hundred officers of the army as to whether the canteens were a benefit to the service or not. Precisely ninety-nine replies out of each hundred were favorable to the canteen as being much less mischievous than the saloons outside all army posts where soldiers go for beverages when they cannot get them elsewhere.

The canteen question should be more generally understood, so that when the temperance enthusiasts go to Congress next winter for a new and more drastic law prohibiting the canteen they may not get it. The whole point is that where beer is sold in the canteens—which are a part of the post exchange, or soldiers' club, in every army post—soldiers are not apt to drink too much, or get into trouble. When they can't get beer in the post, and go to the contiguous saloons

for it, many of them do drink too much, and various disorders follow. The canteen is defended by the men who know the soldiers best and are most concerned for their welfare. They advocate it, not because beer is especially beneficial to soldiers, but because the post exchange and canteen system makes for sobriety, order, and the general welfare of the men, while the outside saloon system makes for sprees, drunkenness, and terms in the guardhouse.



A LITTLE more of the literature of the disagreement between Mr. Kipling and the Messrs. Putnam has been given to the public. Mr. Kipling seems to feel strongly that the Putnams have committed acts hurtful to his feelings, his pocket and his reputation. His convictions being such as they appear to be, he is doubtless justified in thumping the Messrs. Putnam as hard as he can, both for the cure of his own hurts and to the end that a useful precedent may be established. Here's hoping that he may have all the justice that is due him, even though the Messrs. Putnam have to struggle along without selling any more of his highly esteemed works in their respected bookstore.

Meanwhile it is unquestionably hard for the lay observer to understand wherein Mr. Kipling has sustained such damage as a jury may recognize and appraise. The gist of the whole matter seems to be that the Putnams, being unable to procure on ordinary terms the authorized collected edition of Mr. Kipling's books, collected the books on their own account and sold them in sets. What they did certainly does not strike the lay observer as unlawful. They may have strained the usages of trade somewhat, but if they did anything worse than that it ought to be known both for their own information and that of the public, which at present is not at all able to grasp or appreciate the heinousness of their transgression.



THE recent floods in Southern Texas have left the people of that region

in sore straits. Congressman Hawley of Texas says that in some places in his State the recent rainfall was three and a half feet in sixty hours. He tells of a great area of country which was recently from five to twenty feet under water; of crops destroyed, cattle drowned, and people left destitute. As many as forty thousand people, he thinks, have been made homeless by these floods, and he rates the damage in money at twenty-five million dollars. Texas is a great State, but this is too much of a calamity for her to handle without help. A great deal of money has been made out of water in this country since last spring. Let us hope that a fair proportion of it may now be diverted to repair these ravages that water has made. Texas is not too far off to be criticised occasionally in our newspapers. Neither is she too far off to be reached by our sympathy, and helped, at such a pinch as this, by our dollars.



A GREAT deal of sympathy is felt for Captain Watkins, on whom the blame must rest for letting the *Paris* go aground. He has been, and is, one of the most popular captains that sail between New York and England, and whatever mistake he made is felt by hundreds of his friends to be a misfortune which is partly their own. It was a strange coincidence, the grounding of the *Mohegan* and the *Paris* in such near succession. While the responsibility for his ship's course must fall on Captain Watkins, it is widely felt that there was some cause for his apparent blunder which is not yet understood.



THE fountain of reputed nymphs in plaster which has lately been displayed on the lake front in Chicago has recently been a subject of spirited discussion in the American press. There is no harm in that. The nymphs were let out for that purpose, and to discuss them shows a healthy and encouraging interest in art. Chicago criticism, however, has taken a more violent form, involving their virtual destruction by the hoodlums of that cultured city.



THAT CLOAK EPISODE.

IN MEMORY OF WHICH, ELIZABETH AFTERWARDS GAVE SIR WALTER ABOUT A QUARTER OF THE NEWLY DISCOVERED AMERICA.

OLD GENTLEMAN (*to little boy who is smoking a cigarette*): My boy, don't you know that every one of those filthy weeds you smoke is a nail in your coffin?

"Well, 'tain't none of your funeral, is it?"

TIS wrong to gamble, so they say,
Or be to any man a debtor.
Yet he who bets is any day
As good as he who is no better.

W. H. C. Hale.

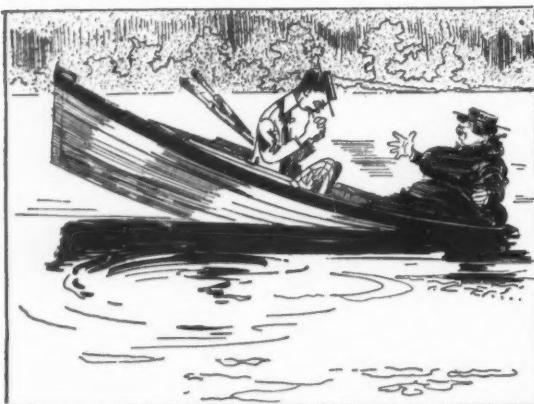
UNCLE SAM: Don't you think I'm getting more like you every day?
JOHN BULL: You are, my boy, and I am only afraid of one thing.

"What's that?"
"We may grow so much alike that we will love the same things."

TOO MUCH LOVE IN ONE END OF THE BOAT.



Bertie: CLARICE, DEAR, I HAVE OFT LONGED TO TELL YOU



THAT I LOVE YOU. ON MY BENDED KNEES I ASK YOU TO BE MINE.



I WOULD GLADLY DIE FOR YOU, AND—

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

WITHOUT mentioning names, we may say that it is a habit of thought engendered among some of the millionaires of the present day and generation to deprecate audibly the necessity of leaving this world with so much of worldly goods to their credit. A natural and commendable anxiety prevails among them not to wait until after death to have their property distributed by alien hands, but to devote a part of the same energy which has succeeded in amassing so much property to the equitable and desirable distribution of the same.

This is a problem, however, which no one of them has succeeded in solving to the satisfaction of all concerned. Either the prodigality of the gift has stimulated the recipients to undue corruption in its distribution, or the cases in which real benefit might have accrued have been overlooked.

It is a hard nut to crack.

LIFE suggests one way in which these nonplussed millionaires may render an actual service to humanity. Every three dollars sent to LIFE's Fresh-Air Fund finds its way eventually into the deserving stomach of a receptive urchin, and from thence to his heart and brain, making him in the future a better citizen.

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The Boston Mind.

BOSTON, which is Massachusetts, scorns ignorance, illiteracy, superstition, ancient myths, and all those things that indicate minds dominated by bodies—the rule of the lesser and the lower over the greater and the higher. In other and more strenuous days, she subdued and eradicated superstition and heterodoxy in simple but effective fashion. Under her wise and firm policy, witchcraft was discouraged and witches accorded funereal

uated and cooled; a modified, subdued and respectable First Cause has been substituted for a Deity who grated on Boston sensibilities. The Bible is tolerated, but it has been relegated to its place behind the works of Emerson and his intellectual congeners. It was unfortunate for the Bible that it was written by foreigners, and that it was so lacking in tact as to make choice and give preference to Jews and Jerusalem rather than to Bostonese and Boston. As the English, or rather the

and catarrh alone defy the Boston Mind, though a day must come when the utter depravity of beans and the East wind will be conquered. Missuseddyism has come to stay.

The thoughtless and flippant scoffer rails at the multiplicity of astrologers, soothsayers, palmists, clairvoyants, mediums and mahatmas in Boston. Poor and degraded creature, still in the thrall of ancient superstitions, he still believes in the potency of policemen, advertising columns,



Playwright: SHALL I WAIT UNTIL YOU READ MY PLAY?

Manager: CERTAINLY. TAKE A CHAIR.

"ABOUT HOW LONG WILL IT BE?"

"OH, ABOUT TWO YEARS."

honors; preachers of heterodoxy were given free passes to the Providence Plantations with convincing, if unpleasant, preliminaries; sexual unconventionality was not published in a vulgar, yellow press; it was simply identified, and branded in churches; pragmatic wives were ducked by irritated public opinion, water being esteemed, then as now, a sovereign remedy for garrulity.

Boston progressed through the centuries, and to-day she stands proud and disenthralled. Religion has been refined, atten-

Anglo-Saxons, have all mundane rights in the Bible, it is permitted in Boston; but even such a virtuous and superior people as the Old English are not the New Englanders.

Medicine, with all its absurdities and superstitions, is gradually being banished from Boston; it has been supplanted by the Boston Mind. When a Boston Mind is concentrated on measles, colic, yellow, scarlet, or other ailments of color, or on lungs, liver, and other refractory organs, there can be only one result. Dyspepsia

stock exchanges and weather bureaus in seeking the lost, learning the unknown, and probing the future. He is of the earth, earthy. The Bostonian knows; he never wavers; he is of the cognoscenti; he has mind to work with, and eschews matter. Does he need a copper mine? The astrological mind is projected into Michigan or Montana, and it is found and floated. Has he lost a tabby? The gray matter of the soothsayer goes forth with the unerring certainty of a bootjack, and the cat comes back. Is the fate of an epic, a spring poem

• LIFE •



SUMMER ATTRACTIONS.

"SEE HERE, WHISKERS; WITH THESE YACHT RACES COMING ON, YOU AND I WILL HAVE TO HUSTLE TO GET ANY ATTENTION THIS YEAR."

or an esoteric essay in doubt? The invincible mind of the clairvoyant, the medium, the mahatma, or the palmist, settles the question forever.

Serene and superior, Boston gazes out upon a groping world, still bound in the shackles of the flesh, guided and directed by a Mind that in good time will subdue the East wind, etherealize the bean, and sterilize the palates of her glorious Ancient and Honorable Distillery Company.

Joseph Smith.

cracked jokes at the expense of the common herd of writers, outside the charmed circle, and Hawthorne laughed at them all slyly in his sleeve. But in public prints and in personal letters they flattered each other atrociously. And they did it so well that the country has accepted them at their own valuation!

* * *

If a half-dozen clever writers at the present time should segregate themselves and begin to write about each other as Holmes and Lowell and Longfellow did, they would excite the derision of the whole irreverent press. There would be cries of "log-rolling" from all quarters. The least sign of it in the past decade (and there have been several attempts at establishing "literary schools" and "literary centres") has been promptly suppressed by ridicule. It has been possible for young American writers to be enthusiastic about a Scotchman, a Frenchman, or an Englishman—but toward their own tribe they have pursued an attitude of solemn reserve, or lofty scorn.

The truth is that reverence is not a prevalent virtue—and a great literary reputation is founded on a certain amount of reverence. Lowell was a clever versifier in college, but he deliberately went to work to live up to his ideal of a poet, and a group of warm friends encouraged him to believe he was equal to it—and he left a great name behind him!

* * *

THESE reflections are prompted by the recent appearance of Colonel Higginson's "Old Cambridge" (Macmillan) and Edward Everett Hale's "James Russell Lowell and His Friends" (Houghton). You may have read hundred books about this group of men, but these later volumes seem more interesting than recollections of a new set of men. It is so with all kinds

of gossip. We are most interested in the people we know most about. They themselves laid a pretty broad foundation on which to build up literary tradition and anecdote. They have their reward—for they will not be easily forgotten.

There is at the present day a kind of personal literary gossip which is created by the publisher to sell an author's books; but it is commercial in its origin, and will die with the book.

But there is no American group engaged in writing letters to and about each other, and praising each other with elaborate flourish in their own magazines, and keeping Diaries to be published when they grow old, commemorating each other's virtues. Each fellow is looking out for himself—and trying to induce his publisher to do the rest.

Droch.



"THE GAME IS UP WITH HIM."



She : I DON'T THINK MOTHER LIKES TO HAVE ME SIT ALONE WITH YOU.
“WHY NOT?”
“WELL, SHE IS AFRAID YOU MIGHT TRY TO KISS ME.”

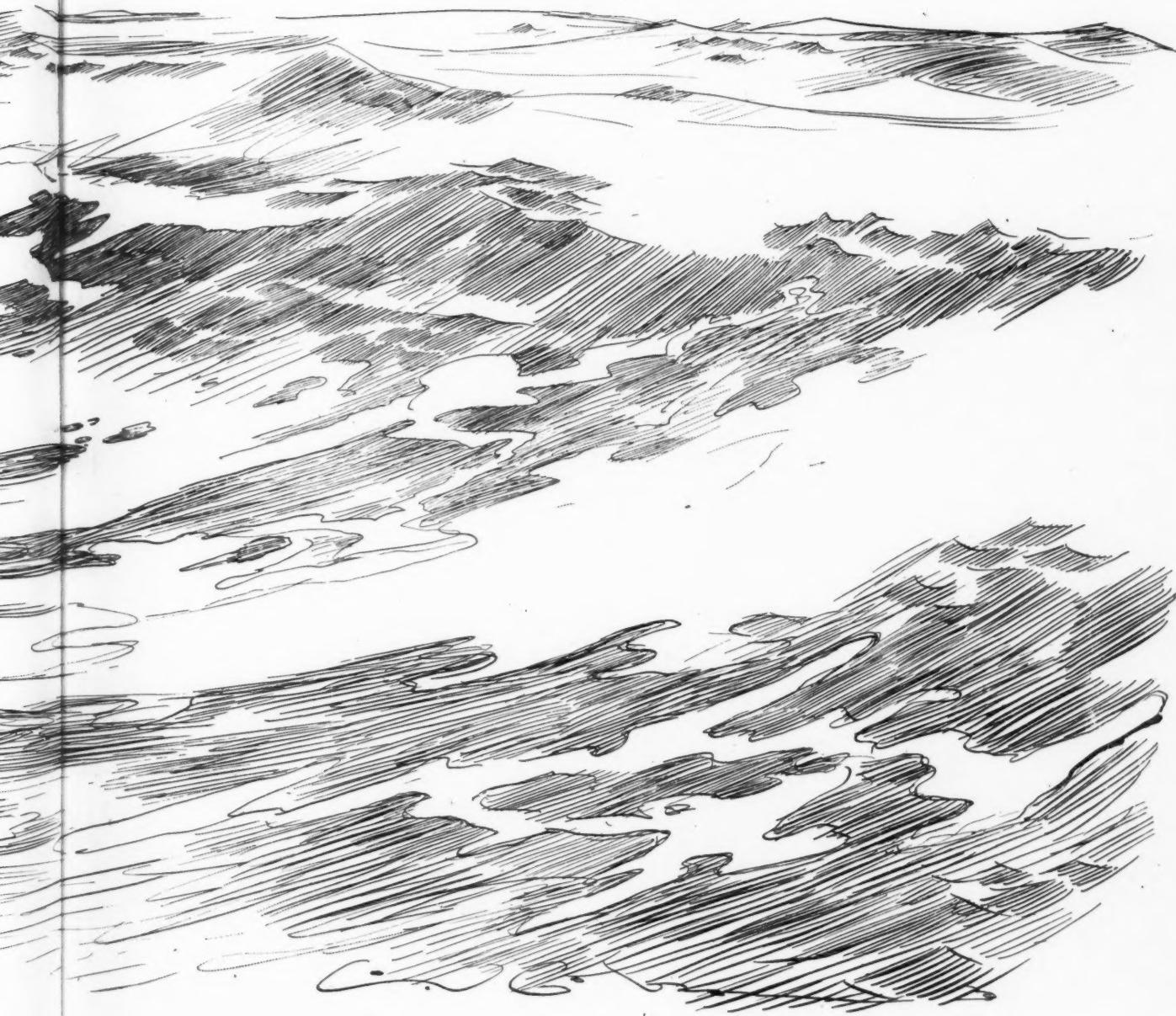
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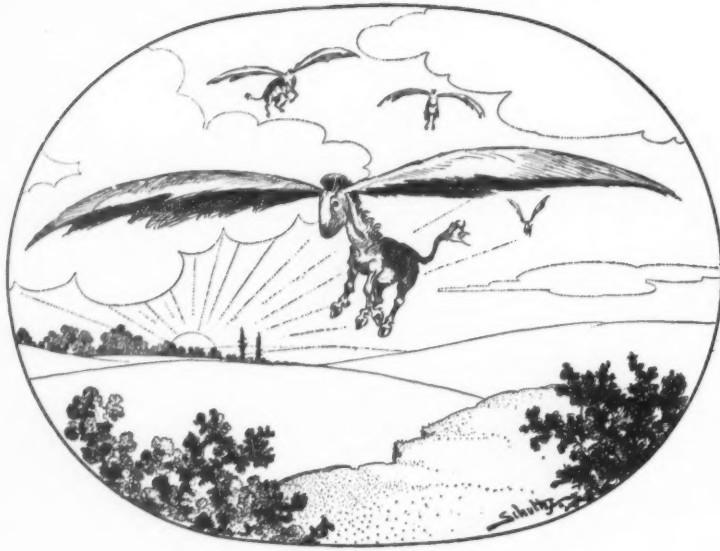
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NOT THE SEA

LIFE.



NOT THE SEA SERPENT.



THE PREHISTORIC DONKEY

Aerial Agriculture.

THE harvest time of that branch of agriculture known as roof-gardening is now at hand. Not only does the stay-at-home New Yorker flee from his heated pavements to cull cooling drinks in these gardens of the air, but the stranger within the gates also seeks them to gather impressions of metropolitan life in midsummer. If the impressions are as bad as most of the drinks, our summer visitors are not likely to carry away a very good opinion of our heated existence.

At none of the roof-gardens is to be found what New Yorkers are constantly clamoring for and what they never support when it is provided for them—good music at a low price of admission, and to the accompaniment of *al fresco* surroundings. Instead, we have at all of them a surfeit of vaudeville—good, bad, and worse. The experienced roof-gardener visits them all, and when he finds the one which has the best average in the matter of general comfort and attractiveness, he is likely to make that his favorite stamping ground during the summer evenings, when a roof over one's head becomes intolerable and the sidewalls of a room stifle one.

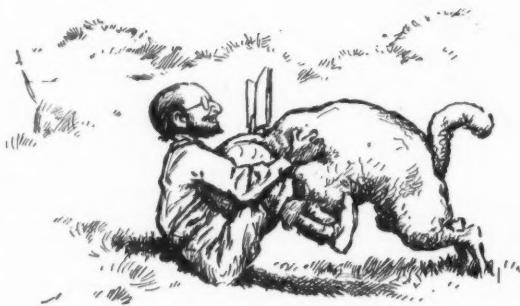
FHE most pretentious of the roof-gardens this year is the New York — formerly the Olympia. It has commodious elevators, which do not run as high as the prices of admission and liquid refreshments. The entertainment consists principally of a re-hash of that given in the theatre below.

Hammerstein's Victoria has the novelty of a stage located in the midst of the audience. This admits of an intimate acquaintance with the darning spots in the cotton tights of the performers, and permits the monotony of second-rate vaudeville to be varied by the occasional tumble of a trained horse or elephant on to the drink-bearing table of a social party. The cheap construction of the building, and the narrowness and crookedness of its exits, tend to mar the enjoyment of persons who are not fond of being burned to death.

The American is about the most attractive of the gardens in architecture and arrangement. The building is thoroughly fireproof, the prices are moderate, and the vaudeville clean. The same courtesy that marks the management's treatment of its winter patrons is also to be experienced on the roof.

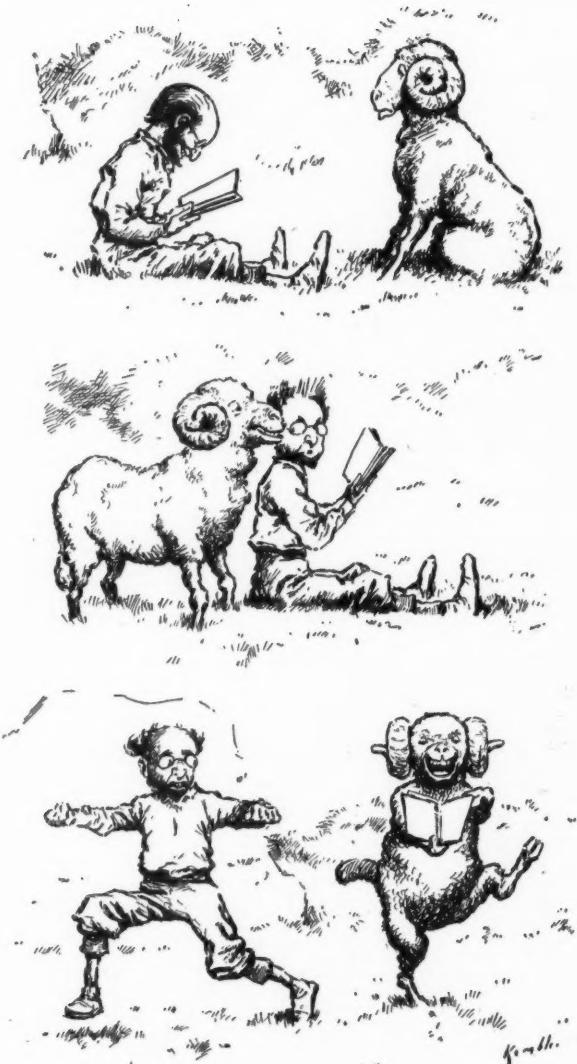
Koster and Bial's has no distinctive feature, except the way its slovenly

THE FUNNY STORY.



waiters loiter in the aisles and shut off the view of the stage. This may not be a great deprivation, but it is apt to grate on the nerves of a sensitive person. The garden is a pleasant one, and the liquids possess the requisite degree of moisture.

LIFE has frequently expressed its opinion of the possibilities of the Casino as a holocaust-furnisher. What is true of the downstairs theatre is even more true of the

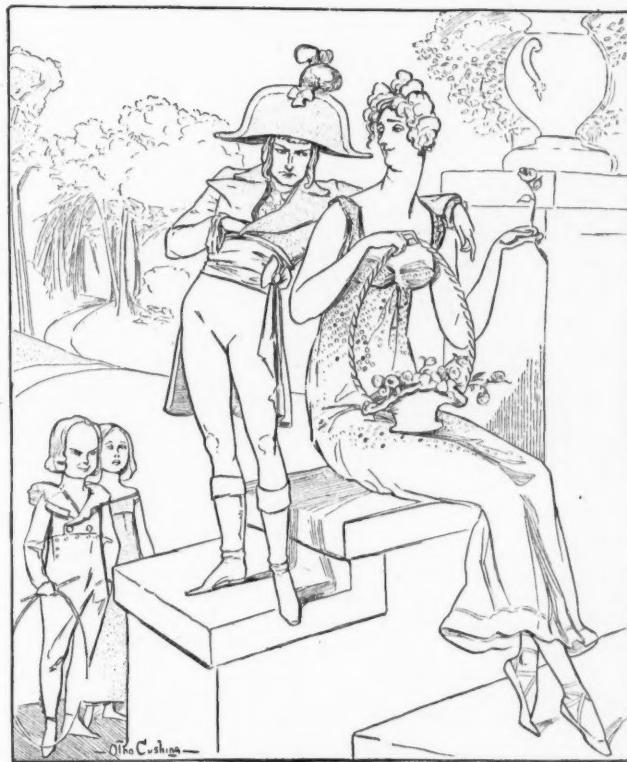


roof, and LIFE cannot recommend the place to such of its readers as wish to roof-garden with a mind free from dread.

The Madison Square Roof Garden, which is commodious, comfortable and fireproof, has heretofore commanded the most select patronage in New York. This year it is given over to Bowery methods, and its vaudeville is of the description that flourishes best at Coney Island. The parallel extends to its high-collared beer at five cents a glass.

* * *

FROM the above it will be seen that, although there is apparently a considerable number of these places competing with each other in seeking the patronage of roof-gardeners, there are in reality only two or three where the pursuit may be carried on in comfort and safety. At all of them—with the exception of the American—the prices are too high, when one considers the



HISTORIC FLIRTATIONS.
BONAPARTE AND JOSEPHINE.



"ALL ASHORE THAT'S GOING ASHORE!"

quality of the entertainment offered. There is no excuse for selling bad drinks at high prices, except that the public is easily fooled. The roof-gardens may perhaps be excused for the poverty of their performances when one remembers how little real vaudeville talent there is and how many places are competing for it.

Metcalfe.

• LIFE •

Ariadne on the Links.

"O H, why do you weep, fair maid, I pray?
And why are the tear-drops falling?
Is it because he is far away—
Do you hear a lost love calling?"
"I weep not," she said, "for the cause you name,
I've a much more genuine sorrow;
For, alas and aye, I am off my game—
And the tournament comes to-morrow." —
Edw. Boltwood.

Another Illusion Gone.

THIS bit of news from the society column of the New York *Times* tends to the shattering of idols:

The return of Mrs. Astor to this country is always an important social event. If there is a leader of New York society, Mrs. Astor certainly deserves the name. Mrs. Ogden Mills has a smaller circle around her, and there is no one else who takes sufficient interest in the matter. Mrs. Astor will give the usual number of dinners with the state plate. Without wishing to cavil at all, it would be well to point out a common error in regard to gold plate. All dinner services of this character are made of silver gilt. There is no entire gold plate service that is of solid gold in existence. Queen Victoria has a few pieces, among them being two massive salvers dating from the reign of Queen Anne and a smaller one melted by William IV. from a stock of gold rings. The famous plate which is taken with so much care from Windsor to Buckingham Palace is not solid gold.

Is it not a mistake to say this? Is the average American sufficiently advanced to be told such things?

If the solid gold plate of New York fashionable society is not of gold, after all, what will the workingman think? As it is, the labor of impressing him seriously is hard enough, even with all that money can buy; but if our "smart sets" are to rely for effect on their ancestry and their manners—why, the outlook is indeed sombre.



I HAVE NO STOMACH FOR THIS MEAL.



"One foot on sea and one on shore;
To one thing constant never."

—Much Ado About Nothing.

OUR daily contemporaries have been agitating themselves unduly of late concerning the possible resignation of Mr. Alger of Michigan from Mr. McKinley's Cabinet. They would save time and telegraph tolls by coming direct to *LIFE*, which for several months has been the Simon-pure fountain-head of news concerning Mr. Alger's resignation. *LIFE* is able to assure them that Mr. Alger has not the slightest intention of resigning—so long as he can hold on to his job.

M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU was intrusted with the post of Minister of the Interior in the Cabinet of Gambetta. He distinguished himself by his efforts to keep the administration free from political influence, and issued a circular to the prefects, warning them against paying attention to the demands of deputies.—*Daily Newspaper*.

Picture any member of President McKinley's Cabinet daring to send such a circular to the officeholders in Senator Hanna's State!

TEACHER: Johnny, can you name the chief product of the Philippine Islands?

JOHNNY: Yes'm. Trouble.

My Carrier Pigeons.

MY manuscripts my carrier pigeons
are,
For if in sunny weather or in rain
I send them forth, let it be near or far,
They never fail returning home
again.

An Absolute Necessity.

A TALL man, with heavy rings under his eyes and a slight bend forward, as if he were in the habit of carrying some heavy burden, rose quickly as the lady in charge came forward, and, as she shook her head doubtfully, he sighed a heavy sigh.

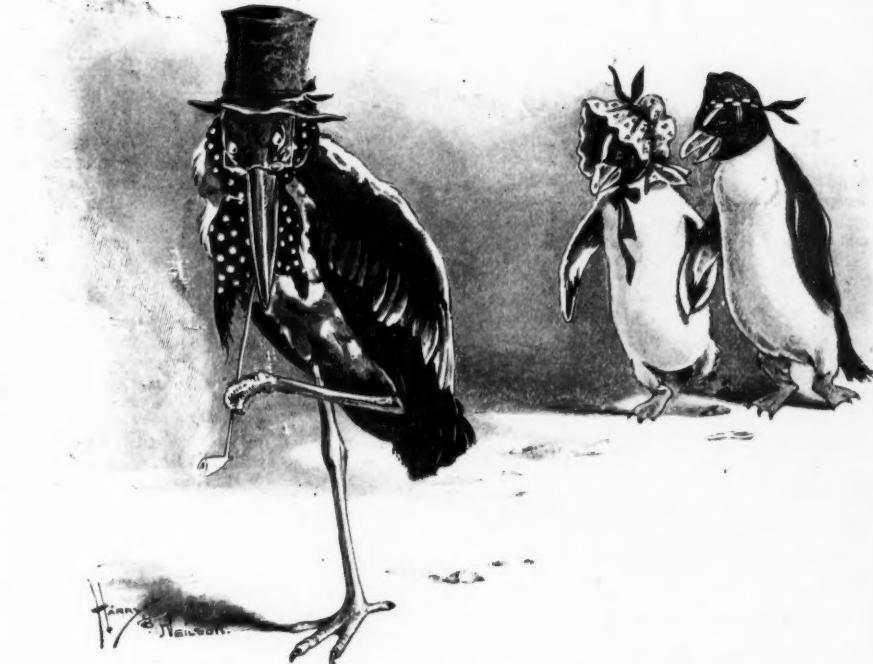
"This can't go on much longer," he said, dispiritedly. "I can't stay but a moment, as I have left my cook in charge; but it seems strange that you can't get me a nurse."

The lady manager of the intelligence office smiled deprecatingly.

"Of course," she said, glibly, "I can get you a nurse, but you don't want an ordinary person. You want some one to come in and take complete charge, and be responsible and all that, and I cannot get you such a woman right off; it may mean a couple of days."

The man who confronted her spoke almost passionately as he replied:

"Madame, I was wrong. I was too particular. Forgive me. Get me a nurse. Anything—anyone. My busi-



The Penguins: THANK PROVIDENCE. HE DOESN'T BELONG TO OUR FAMILY!

ness is neglected, and I am afraid to be too finicky any longer. Can you supply me now?"

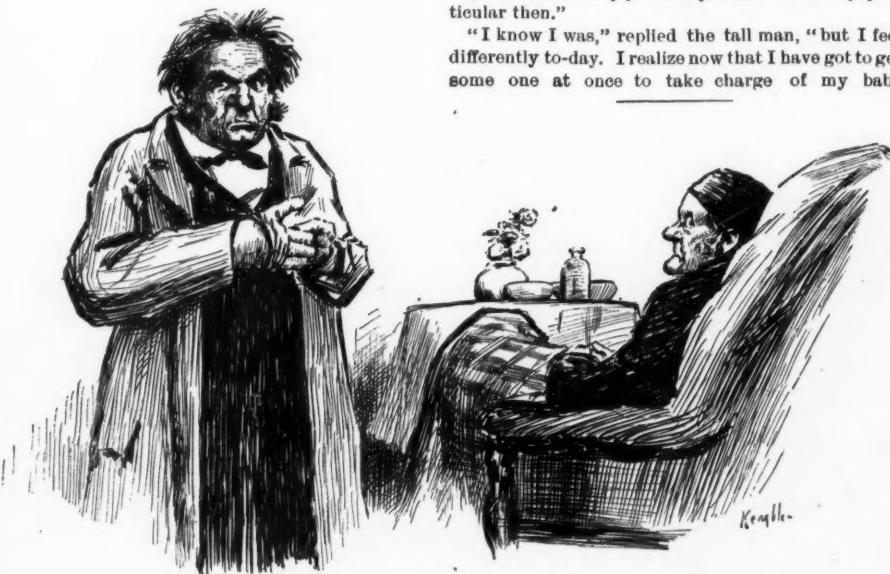
"Certainly," said the lady manager. "But you didn't talk this way yesterday. You were very particular then."

"I know I was," replied the tall man, "but I feel differently to-day. I realize now that I have got to get some one at once to take charge of my baby

while my wife is learning to play golf."

Tom Masson.

IT is not believed in Boston that the New York Central Railroad has leased the Boston & Albany for the purpose of running it in the interest of New York. On the contrary, it is asserted that grain can be put aboard ship materially cheaper in Boston than in New York, and Boston believes that the freight the Central hauls for shipment will tend to seek the cheapest port. No doubt Boston is right. New York attracts capital, but capital does not form so strong a personal attachment for New York as to seek to abstract nourishment from other cities for her benefit. New York is liked simply for what can be got out of her. She is pleasant, and folks like to live in her. She is rich, and folks like to squeeze her. She does not, however, inspire the sort of sentimental regard which would induce a corporation to spend in her behalf money which could be used to better advantage in building up some other town.



The M. D.: NOW, REMEMBER WHAT I SAY. AVOID EXCITEMENT. A SUDDEN SHOCK TO YOU MAY PROVE FATAL.

"BE KIND ENOUGH TO REMEMBER THAT WHEN YOU MAKE OUT YOUR BILL."

LIFE



THERE are two sides to even the question of an efficient civil service from tried servants. It is related that during a recent campaign in Ohio, the advocate on the stump of a certain candidate, speaking to an assemblage of farmers, made the following appeal to their good sense:

"Friends, let us suppose that one of you farmers has a hired man. You may feel a little doubt of him at the outset, but you give him a fair trial. You like him so well that you keep him another year. And he serves you in such a way that he secures still another re-engagement. Isn't that a good business principle?"

The orator paused and smiled down at his audience. Before he could resume, the shrill voice of one of the farmers had interrupted him.

"Say," said the voice, "how is it when the hired man gets to thinkin' that he owns the hull farm?"

The speaker tried to get around the inquiry, but the laugh had been turned on him. And the moral remains that the civil servant who proceeds, from assurance of his necessity to the government, as if he "owned the hull farm," undoubtedly needs the rebuke.—*Youth's Companion*.

A NEW ORLEANS lawyer was dining at the Café Riche, in Marseilles, when he heard at the next table a Hungarian relating to some French officers an extraordinary lynching episode that he alleged had occurred at a New Orleans hotel. A negro servant spilled a plate of soup on a lady's dress. The guests decided to lynch the fellow at once, but were persuaded by the director of the caravansary to wait until dinner was over, as he was short of help. Subsequently the culprit was strung up, the lady giving the word. This strange tale was too much for the lawyer, who rose from his seat, and, accosting the Hungarian, asked in what year the incident had occurred.

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"Just eight months ago," replied the liar, calmly, "while I was in the States."

"I was in New Orleans myself all last year," responded the lawyer.

"Perhaps monsieur witnessed the hanging," interrupted one of the Frenchman.

"I just missed it," said the lawyer. "You see I was busy killing the French *chef* at the time for putting mustard in the blanc mange."—*Exchange*.

A LEADING citizen in a little town in the north of Scotland was asked to take the office of elder in the kirk. He seemed reluctant to accept the honor till a wag, who knew his weakness, whispered to him that if he became elder he would get five pounds and a pair of trousers at the end of the year. The year passed away, and when the promised garment did not appear, the elder went to the minister and said: "I haven't got the breeks yet."

"What breeks?" said the minister.

The elder explained, and the minister smiled and declared that the promise was only a silly joke. The elder expressed great disappointment about the trousers, and was turning away when the minister said: "You seem to care more about the breeks than about the money."

"Oh, ay! the fl' pun," replied the elder; "I juist helpt masel' to that fra the plate."—*Argonaut*.

"WHY do they call a ship 'she'?"

"Because her rigging costs so much, I guess."—*Wasp*.

FARO JIM was deputed by the other gamblers of Pansy Gulch to compose the inscription to go on the tombstone of a departed member of the fraternity. It was brief, to the point, and read as follows: "He done his damdest. Angels could do no more."—*Exchange*.



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ARTIST (showing picture): Now, my dear Gilmer, give me your candid opinion of my wood nymphs.

GILMER: Perfect, my dear boy. Ole would actually think they were made of wood.—*Exchange*.

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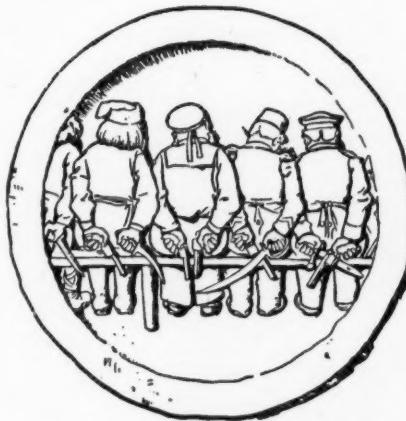
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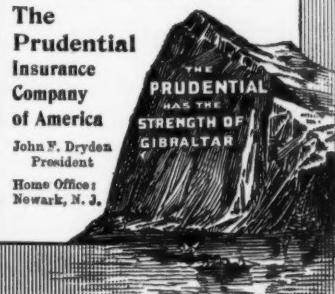
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LIFE

A FAVORITE recreation with Thackeray was a walk through the zoological gardens. "If I have cares on my mind," he said, "I come to the zoo, and fancy they don't pass the gate." It was in the zoo, as he walked along, that he made up the rhyme:

First I saw the white bear, then I saw the black;
Then I saw the camel with a lump upon his back;
Then I saw the gray wolf, with mutton in his maw;
Then I saw the wombat waddle in the straw;
Then I saw the elephant a-waving of his trunk;
Then I saw the monkeys—mercy, how unpleasingly they
smelt.

PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS.

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EVEN in the pulpit the Irishman's speech presents, on occasion, the eccentricities which afford so much joy to unprejudiced listeners.

"The Church," said a brave, hardworking little priest, to his Western parishioners, "the Church, my friends, is like a ship that sails proudly on through this sea of trouble that we call the world. The waves of sin beat in vain against her stalwart sides, and the waters of error dash about her prow and do her no harm."

"And why is this?" he asked, with impressive earnestness. "Why is this, my friends? Because she is founded on a rock; not on sand, but on a rock, a solid rock, from which no power can dislodge her!"—*Youth's Companion*.

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ONE of the new generation of local literary lights is Louis Levy, the author of a thrilling autobiographical sketch entitled "Fiction Is Lacking when Truth Becomes Pertinent."

Levy's grandfather was a Hungarian Jew, and the grandson tells a story which is amusing to the auditor, but only pathetic to the narrator, concerning a change in his family name. When the grandfathers left Europe, the Hebrews there were so persecuted and so handicapped in business that he determined to conceal his race beneath a new name.

Landing in New York, the most common name over the shops on the streets he traversed was that of Levy, and believing that it was on a par with Smith and Brown, he promptly adopted it as his own.

"And what was the Jewish name your grandfather discarded?" Levy was asked.

"Colton," said Louis, with a sigh.—*Neu-Letter*.

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SHE: If I were to die you would never get another wife like me.

HE: What makes you think I'd ever want another like you?—*Wasp*.

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ETHEL (*in ecstatic stage whisper*): Awfully, papa.
—*Exchange*.

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JACKSON: My wife asked me to start ours when I came in, and the next morning she figured out the difference in time between it and her watch in such a way as to prove me a liar by nearly three hours.—*Jeweler's Weekly*.

That Name on the Box

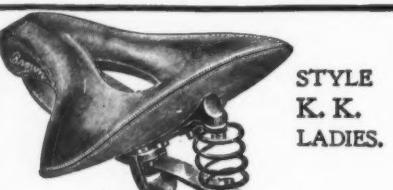
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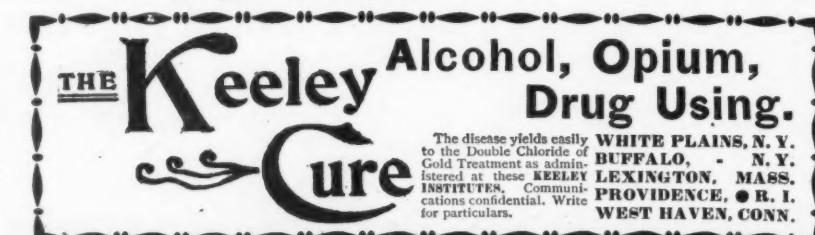
I. Brieffach.

WHEN Stevenson, the novelist, lived in Samoa, he grew impatient at the begging habit which characterizes the Samoans. One day a native, for whom he had done many favors, asked him for a silk handkerchief which he wore around his neck. Stevenson, in disgust, gave it to the fellow, and then asked, ironically: "Is there anything else you want?"

The Samoan made a hasty survey of the room.

"There is the piano," suggested Stevenson.

"Yes," replied the native, "I know, but," he added apologetically, "I don't know how to play it."—*Exchange*.



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